

The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1042.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

[Price 2d.]



INTERIOR OF

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

OXFORD STREET.

VOL. XXXVII.

D

INTERIOR OF
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
OXFORD-STREET.

THE above place of amusement is erected on the site formerly occupied by the Queen's Bazaar, and which was destroyed by fire [May 28, 1829,] commencing in the Diorama Picture Gallery, then containing, with many other paintings, that of "The Destruction of York Minster, by Fire." Shortly after this calamity, Mr. Hamlet, the goldsmith, rebuilt the Bazaar, which not answering the expectations of the proprietor, was offered for sale by Messrs. Foster and Son, on the 14th of March, 1836: at length, the spirited owner, resolved to erect on its site one of the most beautiful theatres in the metropolis; towards the accomplishment of which he spared no expense; many annoying difficulties met him at the outset; but, by dint of great perseverance and unwearying application, they were surmounted.

Mr. Hamlet, after having obtained a license for these premises, declined opening any part of them, on account of the alterations and contemplated improvements not being completed. Having applied at the Middlesex Sessions [October 1837], for a renewal of the license,—the theatre being previously let to Mr. Warde,—it was refused; but on the next application, the license was granted. It remained, however, unemployed as a place of entertainment, until the autumn of last year, when it was opened, for the first time, on Wednesday, the 30th of September, under the title of "THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE," with promenade concerts, on an extensive and magnificent scale.

The theatre was completed from the designs of T. M. Nelson, Esq., the architect, and the decorations principally in the Louis Quatorze style—than which, for richness and boldness of relief, none is better adapted for the embellishment of theatres—were executed by Messrs. Crace and Sons, and the joint labours of these justly-admired artists have produced a most splendid theatre. There are four tiers of boxes, the first and third private, the second and fourth public. The decorations of all the tiers are different. The front of the first is adorned with a rich gold moulding, crimson points hanging with tassels from the top of the boxes. The second tier is painted with Arabesque ornaments, a series of nymphs terminating in those vegetative implications which are common to this style, while a gilt Cupid in relief, parts every two boxes. The fronts of the third and fourth rows are painted with different scrolls, and the tops of these boxes are beautifully ornamented with golden points. The lining of the boxes is crimson and fancy chintz. The chandelier is superb; a circle of children playing musical instruments is placed one over each lamp. A profusion of gold adorns the proscenium; ren-

dering the *tout ensemble* the most brilliant scene imaginable.

The size of the theatre is somewhere between the English Opera House and the Haymarket; and the accommodations and facilities are as ample as can be required. The pit forms an extensive saloon for promenades; and the new and splendid orchestra was erected expressly for these performances. The leader of the band, which consists of upwards of sixty first-rate instrumentalists, is the eminent Mr. Willy, whose solos on the violin are too well known and appreciated, to be here commented on. The second leaders, are Messrs. Dando and J. Bannister. With such pre-eminent talent, it is impossible but what the Princess's Theatre must always be a place of the greatest attraction, and command the patronage of the public.

MARTIN KOTZEL.

In 1477, the famous patrician, Martin Kotzel, undertook a pilgrimage to Palestine, for the express purpose of counting the number of footsteps between the house of Pontius Pilate and Mount Golgotha. The idea was singular, no doubt, but turned to the advantage of the arts.

It was Kotzel's intention, on his return, to measure an equal distance from his own house to the cemetery of St. John; then, on the road so measured out, to erect seven statues by the celebrated Adam Kraft, and at the extremity a Calvary, crowned with three statues, of Christ and his two executioners.

But when he got back to Nuremberg, he found he had forgot the number of paces.

Another man would have given way to despair; but Martin Kotzel, without hesitation, resumed his staff and recommenced his journey to the Holy Land.

On his next return, his memory had retained the number; and he immediately set about the execution of his brilliant project, which still exists, and, with the exception of one or two statues requiring a few repairs, the whole is perfect as on leaving the sculptor's hand.

ORIENTAL PLEASURE.

The grey dawn of the morning had just streaked the eastern horizon, and was rapidly deepening into the crimson glories of day, as we stood with folded arms by the bank of the Euphrates, and listened to the heavy rush of its waters. We sat down and began to smoke a pipe by the bank of the river; and, ere long, enveloped in the light-blue clouds that rose in graceful wreaths from the silver edges of our pipes, we surrendered ourselves to that negation of thought or care which creates a *dolce far niente* paradise for the mind, in whose dreamy realm all, save existence itself, becomes a burden.—*Scenes in the Desert.*

CHRISTMAS.

[For the Mirror.]

Old Christmas is coming with mantle of snow,
His hoary head wreathed with the grey mistletoe,
And that mystical shrub with red berries and bright,
Which old legends declare sprang the first Christmas
night.

The blast is his trumpet, the whirlwind his steed,
And as he rides onward with fearfullest speed,
He flings o'er the landscape a heavy white shroud,
And stills the bright water that mirrors the cloud.
Encumbered with hoar-frost each herb and each
flower,

That yet lingered awhile beyond their brief hour,
Recline their fair heads, all their loveliness fled,
Like the leaves on their stem they lie withered and
dead.

But blest be this season, however so drear,
To the steadfast in faith it will ever be dear,
There's a sun from within that will hallow the scene,
And tinge the grey forest with bright evergreen.

Then bring forth the yule log, and pile high the board,
To welcome old Christmas, our annual lord,
If our home were a palace, with banner unfurled,
Our heralds we'd send to invite all the world.

GREECE.

[For the Mirror.]

Flare art thou—like a dream!
Flinging a beautiful gleam
Over the front of Time,
Making a glorious and immortal theme
That fills the bounds of Earth without decline.
Mute is thy voice—thy lyre!
Melting the heart from ire
To saddest tears,
That thou, the beautiful, the bright,
Shouldst moulder from these lower scenes of light—
But what an urn is thine!
Pouring what scents divine
Upon the inmost soul,
That even from thy manes do arise
A fragrance as of love that never dies,
And thoughts that spurn the limits of Earth's goal.
Past art thou, yet sublime
Arise! thou upon the brow of Time,
God of its waves!
That though new ages roll on in fresh night,
Yet to the nations still thou shinest mighty light!

F.

LITERARY LABOURS OF THE
FRENCH NOBILITY.

It is really surprising how many of the most distinguished French authors have been of noble descent, completely refuting the general idea, that talent is usually of humble parentage.

If we go back to the age of the troubadours, we shall find that all the most celebrated varieties of the "gay science" were of knightly blood; and so was every one of the old historians, the Sire de Joinville, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Philippe de Commines, and de Boucicault.

Among the Huguenot leaders, we find the lords of Montluc and Lanoue distinguished in arms as well as in arms.

Of poets, Ronsard was a chevalier, and Du Bartas a baron.

If we come down to the most brilliant period of French literature, there is scarcely

a single "man of the people" to be found. Malherbe, Balzac, de Soudéry, were all of gentle blood.

Then we have the Marchioness de Sévigné and the Countess de Lafayette, the Marquis of Dangeau, the Duke de St. Simon, the *Seigneur* de Fenelon, the Viscount de Parny, the Marquis de Condorcet, the Count de Buffon, the Count de Segur, and Viscount Chateaubriand.

A goodly catalogue, and showing that, in France, at least, the noblesse have been wanting neither in talent nor learning.

A NIGHT IN WARDEN-LE-DALE.

(Concluded from page 22.)

Oh! listen, listen, to the toll of yonder deep-toned bell.
Strangely it comes upon the blast across the forest dell.
Long years have passed since last that sound was
heard o'er hill and dale,
The peasant starts from his lowly bed, his cheek is wan
and pale.—*Old Ballad.*

"To my extreme astonishment, nay, I may as well say, awe, I perceived, on looking through the orifice, towards the main body of the chapel, the figure of an aged man, in a recumbent posture upon the altar steps, and leaning, wrapt in meditation, upon his right arm. He was habited in a long grey gown, confined by a broad girdle at his waist; and a crossier-headed staff lay across his chest. An iron cresset, which contained the light, was set beside him. The night-wind sighed drearily through the ruins, the flame wavered in the socket, the old man's hair was stirred upon his temples, and the glittering rain-drops from the broken chancel roof fell tinkling downwards on the floor. I was breathless with surprise. The old man rose, he stood erect, he looked thoughtfully out upon the night and the murky sky, he cast a long and searching glance into the very depths of darkness down the aisles, and he then paced to and fro with a slow, solemn tread, and I heard the sharp clink of metal as he struck his long, iron-shod staff upon the pavement. Lost in bewildering conjecture, I shook myself, I even bit my finger, I closed my eyes, and then re-opened them, to be satisfied it was all a dream—but no, it was no illusion, there was the tall, gaunt stranger in his long grey robe, and I heard even more distinctly than before, the regular 'chink, chink,' upon the floor.

"My breath grew thick with awe, my brain reeled dizzily, my heart had almost ceased its throb, for but a moment more, and I beheld from the deep gloom of the chantry, two dark, half-naked ruffian figures with their right arms dyed red with gore, draw near the altar with slow and laboured steps, and I then heard the fall of some ponderous burden on the pavement. The tall pillars of the nave intervened, and I could not discern its form, but I saw by the shadow which it cast in the lamp-light, that it was about the bulk and length of a

human figure, and it lay where it had been thrown, a lifeless, inanimate mass, and my blood curdled in my ice-cold veins, as the old man bent over it, and said, '*still warm.*'

"Aye," said one of the bloody ruffians hastily, 'we've done the job, and a pretty rough night we've had.'

"Humph!" said the hoary monster, and he laughed with hideous exultation, 'and now we'll make all sure, for dead men tell no tales.'

"Then moving to the stone which I had previously remarked as having been recently disturbed, the old wretch stooped down, and, aided by his companions, raised up the ponderous slab, and disclosed a yawning grave, into which, all crowding eagerly together, they cast some object, of which I saw enough to satisfy me that it was white and bloody, and, appalled by such a scene, at such an hour, in such a place, I leant for support against the mildewed wall.

"At that instant, a toll, deep, solemn, sudden, sounded from the turret overhead—the light vanished in an instant, the stone fell back into its place with a dull grating harshness, the door screamed hideously upon its hinges, and then all was lone, dark, silent as before. My teeth were fast set in horror, my hair seemed literally to bristle upon my head, I dared scarcely to draw my breath, and, not thinking it safe to stir from my position, I resolved to abide there the dawn of day.

"Judge of my dismay, and, I will confess, superstitious horror, when I distinctly heard a sigh and a stifled sob! and the next moment a quick, soft, unshod footstep passed swiftly by, and was lost along the aisles, from which arose a low, deep, melancholy wailing, like the lament of a disembodied spirit, and then all died away into a stillness that might almost be felt. The wind rose tempestuously, the low mutter of distant thunder was audible, and I heard the broad plash of rain-drops on the pavement of the chancel, and, as if to complete the subversion of my appalled and shattered senses, I distinguished an articulate sound, faint, drear, and hollow, amid the moanings of the blast, and which reiteratedly said, 'SEARCH!'

"Confused, appalled, and trembling, I sunk fainting on the tressel.

"When I came to myself, the first dun light of morning was breaking through the chancel, and its grey wan tint invested every object with a dreary shadowiness of outline that rendered it every way more ghastly. I cast a hurried glance around my spectral lodging. An ancient bier, worm eaten, mouldering and all dropping to decay, was rested in the corner facing me, and its gaunt bare ribs, and long outstretched arms, starting from the funeral drapery of the mildewed pall, which hung piecemeal, moth-fretted and festering with the livid moss and lichens, which were slowly creeping over it, looked like a hideous fleshless skeleton. A pile of rusty tools flung

there by the sexton's rude hand, when his last office was completed, possibly, long years before, lay beside the bier, and rotten cords, and ropes all gnawed by rats, and falling into dust, completed the ghastly array.

"Heart sick and tottering with terror and watching, I staggered from the belfry, and drew near the chancel, but I started back on perceiving a lurcher dog stretched out upon the stone, where the blood-stained pavement, and the tramp of feet, and the fresh scattered mould, and, yet more, a tangled lock dyed crimson and matted to the floor with congealed blood, bore awful testimony to the scene that night had witnessed. The dog looked wistfully upon me, and fawning, crouched at my feet. 'Poor wretch,' thought I, 'thou, thou alone of all the victim's friends or followers, continuest faithful to the end. Hadst thou but speech, how dread might be thy disclosures of this night's infernal deeds.' The dog, as if divining my thoughts, moaned piteously, and laid him down as before, and I rushed from the dreary spot, and hurried through the burial ground, where the dead white grass was bent and reddened with a crimson stain.

"What should I do! should I, a toil-worn, wan, and lonely stranger, depose before a magistrate as to all I had unwittingly beheld within the chapel! who would credit my assertion that I had not participated in the guile of blood!—who would be convinced that I was not a conscience-stricken accomplice of that inhuman gang?"

Mr. Keymer paused, and covered his face with his hands, while his frame shook convulsively.

"Oh! uncle," exclaimed Fanny in an agony of suspense, "what *did* you do in such an awful dilemma?"

"Why," continued the old gentleman, "I did the best I could. I hastened from the spot, made the best of my way by daylight to the nearest town, and got upon the first coach for London to consult my friends. After some consideration, I determined, without compromising myself, to relieve my mind of the weight which this awful secret imposed upon it, and yet to put matters in such a train as should lead to the discovery of the murder, and the condign punishment of the offenders.

"I therefore wrote anonymously to a magistrate of the county, and without entering into any particulars, conjured him to institute a rigid search through the ruins of the chapel in Warden-le-dale, indicating the particular stone to be examined, and adding that if necessary for the furtherance of justice, the writer was prepared to substantiate his information before a court of law."

"Well, uncle! and what then?" said his nieces eagerly.

The old man smiled—"Do you really wish, my dears, to have the *denouement* of the tragedy, or would you rather dream of it to-night in all its pristine horrors?"

"The sequel, by all means," said Fanny, answering for both.

"Then unlock my escritoire, and in the left-hand pigeon-hole you will find an old newspaper—there love, read that paragraph, for my eyes are dim," and Fanny read aloud:—

"In consequence of some private communication recently received, Mr. —, justice of the peace for — was induced to issue orders for a judicial examination of the burial ground and vaults within the ruined chapel of Warden-le-dale, which, in ancient times, was the proud cemetery and place of worship to a family long since extinct, and which has now fallen into disuse and decay, and has become the resort of desperate and abandoned characters. The result of the investigation was the discovery of a systematic plan of sheep stealing, which had been securely carried on under favor of the night, and of the unfrequented spot, and which, if we may judge by the number of skins found under a monumental stone, had been of considerable extent. We regret to add that the villains have hitherto defied detection."

"Well," said Fanny, laying down the paper, "I am extremely disappointed; but though all the murderous part of your night's adventures is fairly explained away, how do you account for the sudden tolling of the bell, the sigh and footsteps, the dismal wailing, and the command to 'search!'"

Mr. Koymer laughed. "The sudden toll, I have no doubt, was occasioned by the fall of a large fragment of plaster or mason-work, loosened by the heavy rain, and which had struck in the very nick of time upon the bell. For the ghostly accompaniments which succeeded, I was indebted to the fellows' dog, which thus innocently increased my terror by his ineffectual search after his masters, and which, losing the scent in the stronger odour of the fresh-spilled blood, had expressed his disappointment in the way which I described; and as to the sepulchral whisper in the belfry, I can easily, in cool blood, and with all my senses about me, perfectly comprehend, that the accidental grating of a branch of yew or fir-tree against the turret wall, was dignified, by my disturbed imagination, with a degree of importance and of articulateness which I can well afford to laugh at now, though I do assure you that for many months after the sudden termination of my pedestrian tour, I used often to start up in terror from my sleep, under the impression that I was again keeping my nocturnal vigil in the spectral chapel of Warden-le-dale."

ROUGE CROIX.

Burke's Melodramatic Hit.—Burke's was a complete failure, where he flung the dagger on the floor of the house, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—"The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?"

GILLRAY, THE CARICATURIST.

(From Fraser's Magazine, No. cxxxiii.)

ABOUT sixty years ago, at the corner of St. Alban's Street, Pall Mall, resided a print-seller of the name of Holland. In the service of this Holland lived a most extraordinary genius, designated the Prince of Caricature, James Gillray, who made drawings of a very disreputable class of design whilst a youth, and drew the naked figure with singular character and spirit.

At length unsettled, he was apprenticed to a writing engraver, and acquired the use of the graving-tool under the celebrated Ashby, who then resided at the bottom of Holborn Hill. Many a choice specimen of penmanship was copied by young Gillray, in sweeping flourishes on the copper, from the incomparable pen of Thomas Tomkins, of Sermon Lane. Whilst occupied in this drudgery, the incipient original designer was discoverable in certain humorous scraps which he sketched on the copper borders, of the examples of round hand and text.

He next entered the studio of the celebrated Bartolozzi, and here he occasionally struck out the rudiments of that daring species of dramatic design, that extraordinary graphic hyperbole, which almost met, in its highest flights, the outposts of the creations of Michael Angelo. His etching of the personification of Milton's "Sin," was a wonderfully wicked work of art, and exhibited at the same time the genius and depravity of the young artist.

It was not likely that such an original would be content to sit, year after year, over a sheet of copper, perpetuating the renown of others, whilst possessed of a restless and ardent mind, intent on exploring unknown regions of taste, he could open a way through the intricacies of art, and by a short but eccentric cut, reach the Temple of Fame. He set to work, and succeeded, to the astonishment of the goddess, who, one day, beheld this new votary unceremoniously resting upon the steps of her altar.

Gillray was one of those unaffected wights, who accomplished what he undertook without scientific parade, and even without the appearance of rule or preconceived plan. His best designs were off-hand compositions; and although he knew that these effusions of his graphic skill were superior to those of his compeers, he was so little wrapped in his own conceit, that he supposed another might do as well as himself, if he tried.

The early political caricatures of his prolific hand were generally directed against the government party. These he was hired to sketch, and usually at a small price, according to the will of his employers. He used to smoke his pipe with his early employers, and exert his faculties more to win a bowl of punch than to gain ten pounds. For years he occasionally smoked his pipe at the Bell, the

Coal Hole, or the Coach and Horses; and although the *convives* whom he met at such dingy rendezvous knew that he was Gillray who fabricated those comical cuts, yet he never sought to act the coxcomb, or become king of the company. In truth, with his neighbouring shopkeepers and master-manufacturers, he passed for no greater wit than his associates. Rowlandson, his ingenious compeer, another able caricaturist, and he, sometimes met. They would, perhaps, exchange half-a-dozen questions and answers upon the affairs of etching, copper, and nitric acid, swear that the world was one *vast masquerade*, and then enter into the common chat of the room, light their cigars, drink their punch; and sometimes early, sometimes late, shake hands at the door, look up at the stars, say "it's a fair, or foul night," and depart, one for the Adelphi, the other to St. James' Street, each to his bachelor's bed.

The facility with which he composed his subjects, and the rapidity with which he etched them, astonished those who were eyewitnesses of his powers. This faculty was early developed; he seemed to perform all his graphic operations without an effort. Many years ago he had an apartment in a court in Holborn. A commercial agent for a print-seller had received a commission to get a satirical design etched by Gillray, but he had repeatedly called in his absence. He lived at the west end of the metropolis, and on his way to the city waited on him again, when he happened to be at home.

"You have lost a good job and an useful patron, Gillray," said he; "but you are always out."

"How!—What—what is your object?" said the artist.

"I want this subject drawn and etched," said the agent; "but now it is too late."

"When is it wanted?"

"Why, to-morrow."

"It shall be done."

"Impossible, Gillray!"

"Where are you going?"

"Onward to the Bank."

"When do you return?"

"At four o'clock." It was now eleven.

"I'll bet you a bowl of punch it shall be completed, etched, and bitten in, and a proof before that time."

"Done!"

The plate was finished; it contained many figures; the parties were mutually delighted; and the affair ended with a tipsy bout at the Gray's Inn Tavern, at the employer's expense.

Gillray was a surprising man. It was scarcely to be credited that one of his slouching gait and careless habits, was gifted with such a capacity for creation and power of execution, with such apparent energy of thought, and deep reading in the living book of human action.

HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

THE FIRST AVATAR.*

At the close of the last calpa, there was a general destruction, occasioned by the sleep of Brahma; his creatures, of different worlds, being drowned in a vast ocean. The strong demon, Hayagriva, came near him, and stole the Vedas, which had flowed from his lips. When Vishnu, the preserver of the universe discovered this deed, he took the shape of minute fish, called *Sap'hari*. At this period, there reigned a holy king, named *Satyavrata*, who, as he was one day making a libation in the river *Critamala*, was addressed by the little fish, which said to him, "How canst thou leave me in this river water, when I am too weak to resist the monsters of the stream, which fill me with dread?" *Satyavrata* took it under his protection, and placed it in a small vase full of water; but, in a single night, its bulk was so increased, that it could not be contained in the jar, and thus again addressed the prince; "I am not pleased with living in this little vase; make me a large mansion, where I may dwell in comfort." The king successively placed it in a cistern, in a pool, and in a lake, for each of which, it speedily grew too large, and supplicated for a more spacious place of abode. The king, after this, having thrown it into the sea, the fish again addressing him, said, "Here the horned sharks, and other monsters of great strength, will devour me; thou shouldst not, O valiant man, leave me in this ocean." Thus having been repeatedly deluded by the fish, which had addressed him with gentle words, the king exclaimed, "Who art thou that beguilest me in that assumed shape? Never before have I seen or heard of so prodigious an inhabitant of the waters, who, like thee, has filled up, in a single day, a lake a hundred leagues in circumference. Surely thou art the great God whose dwelling was on the waves. Salutation and praise to thee, O first male, the lord of creation, of preservation, of destruction! Thou art the highest object, O supreme ruler, of us, thy adorers, who piously seek thee. All thy delusive descents in this world, give existence to various beings; yet, I am anxious to know for what cause that shape has been assumed by thee." The lord of the universe, loving the pious man, and intending to preserve him from the sea of destruction, caused by the depravity of the age, informed him how he was to act. "In seven days from the present time," said Vishnu, "the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death; but in the midst of the destroying waves, a large vessel, sent by me for thy use, shall stand before thee. Then shalt thou take all medicinal herbs, all the variety of seeds, and, accompanied by seven saints, encircled by pairs of all brute animals, thou shalt enter the spacious ark, and continue in it secure

* An Avatar is the visible appearance or incarnation of Vishnu.

from the flood on one immense ocean, without light, except the radiance of thy companions. When the ship shall be agitated by an impetuous wind, thou shalt fasten it with a large sea-serpent on my horn; for I will be near thee, drawing the vessel with thee and thy attendants. The pious king, being thus instructed, waited humbly for the appointed time; when the sea overwhelmed its shores, and being, at the same time, augmented by showers from immense clouds, deluged the whole earth. He having, according to the divine command, entered the ship, the god appeared again distinctly on the vast ocean in the form of a fish, blazing like gold, extending a million of leagues, with one stupendous horn; on which the king, as he had before been commanded, tied the ship with a cable made of a vast serpent. When the deluge was abated, Vishnu slew the demon Hayagriva.

W. G. C.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

Mrs. STEWART, equal to her husband in intellect, was his superior in blood. She was the sister of the Countess Pargtall and of Lord Corehouse, the friend of Walter Scott, who has embalmed the name of *Cranstoun* in his immortal "Lay." Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty is hereditary, she had the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, feminine, and singularly winning. On her ill-favoured professor she doted with a love-match devotion;* to his studies and midnight lucubrations she sacrificed her health and rest; she was his amanuensis and corrector. But she was free from the slightest tinge of pedantry; the world, for anything she displayed, knew nothing of her deep acquisitions, so gracefully did her long-draped robes conceal even the suspicion that aught lurked beneath of azure hue.

No one felt this more than the late Lord Dudley, who never forgot the instruction and society which he enjoyed under the roof of Dugald Stewart. During this time, he was singularly fortunate in his co-pupils, all distinguished men of their high order—Lords Lansdowne, Palmerston, Kinnaird, and the late Lord Ashburton. He maintained a good fellowship with them all in after life, while, with the two former, it was his lot to sit at the same council-board, as minister of state. But neither to Professor Stewart, nor to the younger associates of his own sex, did he owe the chief pleasures or the chief advantages of his residence in the North; it was to Mrs.

Stewart, and he thus expresses himself in one of his letters:—"She has as much knowledge, understanding, and wit, as would set up three foreign ladies as first-rate talkers, in their respective drawing-rooms, but she is almost as desirous to conceal as they are to display their talents." No wonder, therefore, that her saloons were the resort of all that was the best of Edinburgh, the house to which strangers most eagerly sought introduction. In her, Lord Dudley found indeed a friend. She was to him in the place of a mother. His respect for her was unbounded, and continued to the close; often have we seen him, when she was stricken in years, seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his. Into her faithful ear, he poured his hopes and fears, and unbosomed his inner soul; with her he maintained a constant correspondence to the last.

This series of letters to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, we feel must have been the most superior of his correspondence, but they are said to be no more. She burnt the whole, we are told, when dying herself. She would not trust the holocaust to accident, neither would she deprive herself of a sad pleasure in reading over the expressions of a whole existence devoted to her, until she felt distinctly that the last days of her own drew near.

In the rest of his letters, it is impossible not to see that the writer was mistrustful of himself. Nervously sensitive in writing to others, he trembled often at their high educational position, critical acuteness, and logical perception. He felt that he was writing to his literary superiors, the very eminence of whom weighed down the pupil—*artus infra se positus*—he was never quite at his ease. This is not the case in his letters, such as remain, to Mrs. Stewart. The false pride which conceals weaknesses is disarmed by the certainty of a woman's sympathy. The instinctive dread of incurring the ridicule of affectation or sentimentality often drives men into contrary extremes, and hides, under the garb of rudeness, irony, or persiflage, those gentler emotions, that real earnestness, that seriousness which are unbosomed to a woman, who hails, with approving smiles, their existence and expression. Again, a woman's love for detail, her patience in listening, encourages the fullest unburdening of the pent-up soul. She is rivetted with breathless curiosity in the exposure of the secret springs, the, to her, mysterious processes, by which the stronger sex is influenced. All these exhibitions are anticipated and discounted by men ere detailed, and, if continued, are listened to with coldness and ennui. But women submit readily to be bored by clever men, and, since the days of Omphale, are well pleased to see the lords of the creation prostrate or spinning (even *long yarns*) at their feet; and men fly, in moments of sorrow, to their soothing ministry; they rely on the tenderness of touch, the delicacy with which the balm will be poured into the fostering

* Her marriage was after this wise. When Miss Cranstoun, she had written a poem, which was accidentally shown by her cousin, Lord Lothian to Mr. Stewart, then his private tutor, and unknown to fame. The philosopher was so enraptured with the perusal, and so warm in his commendations, that authors and critics fell in love by Scotch second sight, before their first, and in due time were made one.

wound. They trust to woman's tact, to her felicity in saying the little word at the right time. The man is off his guard, and betrays the secret of his strength or weakness; no glance of the eye, no curl of the lip, no remark shot unawares from the secret quiver of his heart, escapes a woman, which, in the generalizing, careless commerce of man with man, would be overlooked; hence, we suspect, the superior insight into character which such a woman as Mrs. Dugald Stewart must necessarily have obtained—and hence the secret of her paramount influence over those who approached her, and particularly over a man constituted as was her young friend.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXIII.

THE FRANCISCAN FRIARS, ROME.

DURING my sojourn in Rome, my time was pretty equally divided among the beautiful churches of the modern city, and the crumbling remains of ancient grandeur.

One morning, taking my usual stroll, I entered the church attached to the convent of the Franciscan Friars. I always felt a penchant for this establishment, which arose, doubtless, from seeing its gates surrounded by crowds of half-famished poor, who flocked thither to receive the accustomed hospitality of the benevolent monks,—for it is the usage of the Franciscan Friars in Rome, to distribute soup daily at noon to all who go to demand it; and it is a pleasing sight to behold the hundreds of poor creatures who receive their daily meal, perhaps, in many cases forming their whole support, at the low-arched gateway of the monastery.

I had frequently attended the morning service in the Franciscan church; there was something peculiarly attractive to me in the low chanting of the Friars, and it was a beautiful sight to see the brethren in their brown frocks, and with sandalled feet, winding along the majestic aisles of their venerable church. I liked the Franciscan fathers, their manner was so meek and unassuming, and yet so kind and courteous, that I could not but admire their order and all that concerned them.

On the morning in question I entered the church, as I had done many times before; but I had never witnessed the heart-touching ceremony which was performed that day.

I perceived, as soon as I had passed the beautiful porch, that something was enacting there different from the usual service, and on entering the church, I saw one of the monks laid as if in sleep upon a sort of couch in the centre of the aisle. He wore the same garb as the rest of the brethren; but his hands were crossed upon his breast, and in his right he held a crucifix. Flowers were strewed over him, and his countenance was expressive of the sweetest repose. Was he then sleeping there? yes, for the friar's penitential life had ended, and the ashy whiteness of that mild

face, declared the father slept to wake no more! The surviving brethren were standing around the bier, and chanting the litanies of the dead in low wailing tones of simple but touching sweetness. And from many an aged eye I saw the tear of sorrow fall.

The departed monk was evidently mourned,—indeed, it was impossible for a stranger to look on that still, placid countenance unmoved,—a sweet smile played around those lips which were now for ever closed; and a more beautiful corpse could not be seen than that of the humble friar on his lowly bier;—no gaudy trappings were there, no sable plumes were there displayed, a few sweet flowers alone formed the Franciscan's pall. I lingered long by the still side of death. I awaited the end of the requiem, and after the monks had all returned to the interior of their monastery, I still remained alone with the departed, and left him at last with but lingering steps. A more placid or sweeter sight dwells not in my remembrance.

LAURA C. R.—a.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

[From the *Chiricari*, as given in *The Times*.]

It is the nature of man to be doing; whatever may be his age and his position, he must have an occupation of some sort, whether physical or intellectual; I do not believe in the possibility of absolute idleness, not even in the dependents on the charity of the *liste-civile*.

I have not chosen this theme in order to discuss it at length: heaven preserve me from it, and you also, reader! That which you may have mistaken for the grave introduction to a learned dissertation, was nothing more than a reflection into which I was led while contemplating from my window an excellent and worthy neighbour of mine, M. Fromageot.

This respectable *pater familias*, of whom I will not say that age had whitened his venerable locks, seeing that for the last ten years his head had cast off that ornament as a superfluity which hairdressers and bear's grease had rendered too expensive, not long since exercised the profession of haberdasher, in the Rue St. Denis, the favoured quarter of this useful class. His ledgers were well filled, and kept with scrupulous exactitude; but he had a clerk to whom these delicate functions were exclusively consigned. From morn to dewy eve his shop was crowded with purchasers; but here, again, he kept apprentices, whose duty it was to unfold, exhibit, and refold his wares. M. Fromageot had reserved for himself no special task but that, as he expressed himself, of keeping an eye on every thing, meaning that he spent the whole day in circulating, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, from the shop to the counter, from the counter to the shop, stimulating with a word or a look the activity of his men, who, notwithstanding, performed their duties nei-

ther better nor worse. Nevertheless, Madame Fromageot, a lady who, from time to time, does me the honour to exchange remarks on the state of the temperature, or the demand for night-caps, does not remember a single instance, during the last twenty years, of her husband going to bed without exclaiming, "What a weary life! When shall I be able to retire from business and repose myself?" But this is the accustomed exclamation of all who labour to gain a living or save a competency; and I have further observed, that the moment this retirement has arrived, they all look on the repose so long the object of their wishes in about the same light as M. Fromageot.

Would you know how my neighbour enjoys his repose now that he is shut up in a charming little country-house, where all the comforts of existence are to be found? This is what I have witnessed from the first day of the year to the last.

At four in the morning in summer, at seven in winter, M. Fromageot throws himself from a bed of thrice-driven down; he puts on a blouse, steps into an enormous pair of *sabots*, defends his head with a nightcap striped blue and white, heaps upon his shoulder a spade, a pickaxe, a rake, a pitchfork, and a dibber, takes up a large basket, wherein are methodically arranged his cabbage, salad, and strawberry plants, and away he trudges to his garden. There he sticks for twelve or fifteen hours, his spine continually bent, making holes in the ground, tracing furrows, planting endive and lettuce, weeding beans, digging potatoes, with all the ardour of the most inveterate market-gardener. Think not that he allows himself the least cessation to his labours. Yesterday he was picking caterpillars from his plum-trees; to-day he is renewing a border of thyme, which is not more than 600 feet in length; to-morrow he will have to drive 2,000 nails to trail his vines and peach-trees. Though the wind blow with all its fury, though the rain pour down in torrents, though the sun dart his vertical rays on him, though the hairs of his beard stiffen with the sleet of January, he is staunch to his post, staunch as a brave soldier on the field of glory; a visit from his dearest friend could not induce him to forego one stroke of his spade; and if, peradventure, the temptation of satisfying his vanity should lead him for a few moments from his work, in order to display with pride his gigantic pumpkin to an admiring amateur, or to recount the history of some marvellous graft, he would take care, on going to bed, to advance his alarm one hour, that he might, as he would say, recover lost time. He often forgets his breakfast hour, and the same thing would happen with his dinner, were it not that his wife, after having in vain called him two or three times, tears him almost by force from his well-beloved plantations.

When a violent storm, or a hard frost, ren-

ders all gardening operations impracticable, and condemns M. Fromageot to keep within doors, the poor man really looks like a perturbed spirit; he wanders fretfully from one room to another, descends into the cellar, goes up into the garret, quarrels with his wife, scolds his servant, until he is struck, as with lightning, with the brilliant idea of splitting wood, or making a new railing for his rabbit-hutch.

For such repose has M. Fromageot amassed franc on franc for the last twenty years, until he has realized a capital of 200,000*fr.*, and he reckons on enjoying this sweet repose for the next thirty years, unless it procure him some inflammation of the chest to carry him off prematurely.

Thus M. Fromageot, after reposing all the while he fancied he was working, works all the while he fancies he is reposing. It is the history of many of his fellow-men.

THE LOVE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A BALLAD. FOUNDED ON FACTS.

[For the Mirror.]

BY W. T. MONROKIEFF.

To the land of his sire, our sea-girl late,
The young East Indian came,
And friends and kin with welcome smile,
Frolics'd how prised his name!
They anxious call'd the Leech's aid,
But night and day there watch'd,
Each wish to realize,
Whilst at his call, a menial maid
Waited, with downcast eyes!

From scene to scene they hurried him,
To join in pleasure's crowd,
Till his limbs grew weak, his eyes wad'd dim,
And in sickness and he bow'd!
They anxious call'd the Leech's aid,
But night and day there watch'd,
Around his couch that menial maid,
With constancy unmatch'd!
Restor'd to health, time, circling by,
The hour of parting brought,—
Friends bade farewell, his breath'd a sigh,
That humble girl said nought,
He press'd her hand, he touch'd her cheek,
She gasp'd, as if unmov'd,
He went—she gave one piercing shriek,
And MADNESS told she loved!

The circumstances of this Ballad are, alas! no fiction. About the year 1780, a young East Indian, whose name was Dupree, sought his "Father-Land" to visit a distant relation, a merchant then residing on Fish Street Hill. During the young man's stay, he was waited on by the servant of the House, a country girl, Rebecca Griffiths, chiefly remarkable for the plainness of her person, and the quiet meekness of her manners. The circuit of pleasure ran, and yawning again for home, the visitor, at length, prepared for his departure: the chaise came to the door, and shaking of hands, with tenderer salutations, adieu, and farewell, followed in the usual abundance. Rebecca, in whom an extraordinary depression had, for some days previously been perceived, was in attendance,

to help to pack the luggage. The leave-taking of friends and relations at length completed, with a guinea squeezed into his humble attendant's hand, and a brief "God bless you, Rebecca!" the young man sprang into the chaise, the driver smacked his whip, and the vehicle was rolling rapidly out of sight, when a piercing shriek from Rebecca, who had stood to all appearance vacantly gazing on what had passed, alarmed the family, then retiring into the house. They hastily turned round: to their infinite surprise Rebecca was seen wildly following the chaise. She was rushing with the velocity of lightning along the middle of the road, her hair streaming in the wind, and her whole appearance that of a desperate maniac! Proper persons were immediately dispatched after her, but she was not secured till she had gained the Borough; when she was taken up in a state of incurable madness. The mother of the author of this Ballad went to see her in Bedlam, a short time before she died there. The guinea *he* had given her—her richest treasure—her only wealth—she never suffered, in her remainder life, to quit her hand: she grasped it still more firmly in her dying moments, and, at her request, in the last gleam of returning reason—the lightning before death—it was buried with her. There was a tradition in Bedlam that, through the heartless cupidity of her keeper, it was sacrilegiously wrenched from her, and that her ghost might be seen, every night, gliding through the dreary cells of that melancholy building, in search of her lover's gift, and mournfully asking the glaring maniacs for her lost guinea.

It was Mr. Dupree's only consolation, after her death, that the excessive homeliness of her person, and her retiring air and manners, had never even suffered him to indulge in the most trifling freedom with her. She had loved hopelessly and in secret, and paid its forfeiture with sense and life.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

A CERTAIN young lady formed an attachment with a young man, who was passionately fond of her. Marriage was secretly agreed upon between the loving pair. But their intercourse was soon discovered by the lady's father, who, greatly incensed, looked the fair offender in her own chamber, with the view of cutting off all communication between her and the amorous youth. The poor girl became distracted, while her lover was in despair. But who can turn aside the course of true affection! The imprisoned maiden found means to have a small slip of paper conveyed to her adorer; upon it was written the single word "Stripes." The gentleman was at first greatly bewildered. In a literal sense, the hideous monosyllable led him to imagine that his beloved mistress was suffering torture from the hands of her tyrannical parent. He

felt desperate—yet he considered the word over and over again. He divided it into single letters, and disposed them in various ways. At length, to his great joy, he succeeded in forming with the seven letters the word *persist*. He was no longer in despair; he persisted in his suit, all difficulties were finally overcome, and he was happily married to the object of his love. G. W. N.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS most extraordinary man deserves a Life to be writ of him in letters of burning gold. Leonardo's mind was, perhaps, one of the divinest that universal intelligence ever detached from itself. Vastitude and variety were its characteristics. Michael Angelo was a spirit also of lofty and comprehensive views. His mind could embrace not only the three practical arts in their perfection, but the contemplative one, poetry. His mind was possessed of that mental supremacy which had to descend from "the upper region," to the line of its particular pursuit. Angelo's mind was above his works in all four; his genius evidently descended to the dome of St. Peter's, the monument of Julius, to the Sistine, and to his sonnets; its proper sphere was the Dantean, from which only the reverential rage for art at his epoch drew him down. Comparing Leonardo with this antagonist and contemporary, we might say that Buonarrotti soared to greater altitudes, while Leonardo took more spacious wing. Michael was an eagle, perpetually hovering over his own solitudes, however near he approached the sun; Leonardo might be likened to that fabulous bird, whose restless eyrie is the whole circumambient sky.

But confining ourselves here to his professional merits, this great artist may be called the foundation and fountain-head of all excellence in modern painting—the Cimabue of its perfection. With him originated the new Florentine school of design, whence all power in the art spread through Italy; Michael Angelo himself was Leonardo's creature. Nor did the substance of the former's inward man exist in that of the latter, merely as the statue in the stone, but obtained its life, and moving principle, and energetic faculties there, as the son from the loins of the parent. It was well-known that Michael's chief strength lay in design; this was the very pith of his executive power; and this it was that enabled his two-handed chisel to scalp out those prodigies in marble, his gigantic pencil to paint, like an ecliptic shadow, such dark and portentous phenomena on the Sistine walls. Certainly, from his old schoolmaster, old Ghirlandajo, he derived those severe rudiments of drawing, which are yet a lesson (if it could be learned) in the mighty portraiture of the choir at St. Maria Novella; but still his wrestle with art was a labour of the Hercules in swaddles. From Leonardo, his tacit instructor, he acquir-

red those new secrets, which were the seed of his ultimate strength, the main-spring of his future mightiness. Nature gave him his "terrible hand," but Leonardo taught him to use it.

There are some, however, who do not relish the style of either master—panado-fed people, who should never go to a gallery without fans and fainting-salts. Some of these have eyes so childish as always to fear a painted dagger; some delicate creatures, who, as if they had been reared in a muff, like lapdogs, turn tail at the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, as they would at the real one: and make a pusillanimous *bow-wow* at the Medusa, as if it were a Golgotha fresh turned up. Why yes! we have heard the prophets and sibyls called "horrid," by those with whom the *sine quâ non* of a first-rate painter is, that he should have no bone in his mind, or that, at least, it should be marrowless. The sublime, to please them, must have a certain Carlo-doleezza about it—blood must be painted *couleur de rose*, anguish in locks dishevelled by the hair-dresser, and death itself only given a pathetic mother-of-pearl ghastliness. This cowardice of taste this effeminacy—is too distinctive of our nation in the fine arts.

Da Vinci as an artist is supreme. Many of his brethren equal or exceed him in pathos, or some one line of expression, but none in painting the soul upon the face under its various modifications. We do not recollect the portrait of Raffaele's which exhibits such a play of life and thought and mind upon the features, as that of Monna Lisa. We look in vain through the whole Vatican for such an assemblage of heads as those of the Cenn, all so pregnant with character, all diversified with individuality, yet eleven of them animated with the same sentiment. Raffaele's older heads cannot compare with those in point of mental development, so deep, true, varied, and refined; in his younger, we have the still-recurring amiable smile, the sweet open brow, grace, grace, grace everlasting; but in none so much of the mind's construction displayed, as in the "bel sorriso" of Da Vinci. Sameness may, perhaps, be predicated of both, but Raffaele's is the sameness of outward beauty, Leonardo's of inward. This delineation of mental portraits is what may be called the metaphysic of painting, and Leonardo derived it from his profound knowledge of the human heart. Solemn dunces have denounced his love of caricature as derogatory to genius; wherefore! Because they could not see that sketches of this kind were, with him, stereotypes of transient feelings, caught at the moment, to preserve them for use, and caught in their most exaggerated forms from the most *bizarre* countenances, which acted as magnifiers of expression. Those are the dunces that would call Nature herself a low-lived jade, because she finds the elements of her noblest creation in the dust.

In the royal collection at Florence, hangs,

among some hundred faces graduating through the various steps of gentility, one portrait, not only at the summit of both other artists, but with an air, so far above all around it, as to seem degraded even by sovereignty over a tribe of painter visages. It might be that of a prince, a high-priest, and a prophet. The noble beauty of its contours, the commanding stillness of its mien, its silver-flowing beard, and the far-sightedness of its eye, bespeak one by his mind at least made royal, the philosophic seer, the poet, the lustre of that world where he shone among thousand other lights. It is the portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, and painted by himself, the finest portrait and portraiture there.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

[SIBYL leaves still fly about the world, which have been inscribed by magic fingers with wild and melodious old truths. Towards the decipherment of them, however, no black-vestured pundit is needed, but an ignorant Zinghana or gypsy, will read them you as she runs. Up and down Berkshire of late wandered one of these sun-browned damsels, and, while standing, like a picture of an Ethiopic summer-girl among the cold snows, chanted the following rude and imperfect, but, nevertheless, curious recitative:—]

(From the Literary Gazette.)

TUNE.—"My Peggy is a Wee Thing."

Oh! Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
And he married Mary
From the land of Galilee.
Oft after he married her,
How warm he were abroad,
Then Mary and Joseph
Walk'd down to the garden school,
Then Mary spied a cherry,
As red as any blood,—
Brother Joseph, pluck the cherry,
For I am with child.
Let him pluck the cherry, Mary,
As is father to the child.
Then our blessed Saviour spoke,
From his mother's womb,—
Mary shall have cherries,
And Joseph shall have nose.
From the high bough, the cherry tree
Bow'd down to Mary's knee,—
Then, Mary pluck't the cherry,
By one, two, and three.
They went a little further,
And heard a great din,
God bless our sweet Saviour,
Our heaven's love in.
Our Saviour was not rocked
In silver or in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
Like other babes all.
Our Saviour was not christened
In white wine or in red,
But in some spring water,
Like other babes all.

The Public Journals.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW: June—Sept. 1840.

[*FAR-OFF* shores are sure to show purple, and distance lends loveliness to the aridest shore. Yet do not emigration-fields always prove Hesperian; and many who have quitted after them as golden-fruited gardens, whose aureate apples were to be had for the bare plucking, have been sorely discomposed at last—for they forgot the dragon.

But, understanding their fable-book better, practical and unimaginative people, looking for no ready-created phantasm, went to work upon the hard and intractable soils encountered (which were, in truth, the actual dragon), and by dint of sweat and labour, made *themselves* creators thereof of the 'golden tree'—themselves Hesperides to sing around it.

'Emigration,' in the Westminster Review, supplies the consecutive extracts:—]

Present State of the better Classes.

Whilst the labouring class of the present day in England are perpetually subject to "insufficient wages, and excessive toil," the middle class—that is, all between those who, having nothing but their hands, work for hire, and those whom wealth removes from the necessity of exerting either bodily or mental—are carrying on a perpetual struggle to maintain their position in society. These have been aptly called by a recent writer "the uneasy class." Take the professional, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial classes, it will be found that all but a wealthy few are engaged in a perpetual struggle to maintain themselves in the position of society to which they belong, but from which numbers are continually thrust by the superior energies of their fellows. That there is not room for all is obvious to all, and this necessarily induces a struggle of painful intensity.

"The difficulty of providing for a family" is a form of complaint, in which the uneasiness of even the more fortunate and wealthy portion of the class is frequently made manifest. A difficulty which even brings the aristocracy within the uneasy class.

"What," says the author of "England and America," "What are the sons to do when grown up, if grown up! The army!—pay for a commission, and then, unless you belong to the spending class, look upon promotion as hopeless. In the navy, candidates for promotion are quite as redundant as in the army. The church!—buy a living, or else your son must struggle, and may struggle in vain too, with a host of needy competitors for miserable curacies. The law, medicine, trade!—all full—overflowing; while the last, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial, requires a large capital, or it will bring uneasiness, perhaps bankruptcy. A place under government!—yes, perhaps, if you are the parasite of a great man, &c. But, if a man of fixed income, his income being small or moderate, be troubled to provide for his sons,

how to provide for his daughters is a more perplexing question. The first, no, the second point is to get married; the first point is to prevent them from marrying into a lower, which commonly means into a poorer rank than that in which they were born. The first point is generally effected during childhood, when every day and almost every hour of the day something happens to impress them with a fear of such degradation as attaches to imprudent marriages. The second purpose being subject to the first, becomes extremely difficult. If the girl have a fortune, she would belong to Captain Hall's spending class; we suppose her to have no fortune, except beauty, tenderness, modesty, and good sense. Who will take her as a wife, that she will take as a husband! She may by chance, or rather, her mother may by dint of great toil and management, catch one of the spending class; but this would be an exception to the general rule. The general rule with the daughters of men of small incomes, whether fixed or not, is a choice between celibacy and marriage with one of the uneasy class. Now a great proportion of young men of the uneasy class dread marriage, unless there be fortune in the case, as the surest means of increasing their embarrassment. This is one of the most important features in the social state of England. There is not in the world a more deplorable sight than a fine brood of English girls turning into old maids one after the other; first reaching the bloom of beauty, full of health, spirits, and tenderness; next striving anxiously, aided by their mother, to become honourable and happy wives; then fretting, growing thin, pale, listless, and cross; at last, if they do not go mad or die of consumption, seeking consolation in the belief of an approaching millennium, or in the single pursuit of that happiness in another world, which this world has denied to them.

Evil of great Land-grants.

The first grant of the colony established at the Swan River, in 1829, consisted of 500,000 acres to an individual, Mr. Peel. That grant was marked out upon the map in England; 500,000 acres were taken round about the port or landing-place. It was quite impossible for Mr. Peel to cultivate 500,000 acres, or a hundredth part of the grant; but others were of course necessitated to go beyond this grant, in order to take their land. So that the first operation in that colony was to create a great desert, to mark out a large tract of land, and to say, "This is a desert,—no man shall come here; no man shall cultivate this land." So far dispersion was produced, because upon the terms Mr. Peel obtained his land, land was given to the others. The governor took another 100,000 acres, another person took 30,000 acres, and the dispersion was so great, that, at last, the settlers did not know where they were; that is, each settler knew that he was where he was; but he could not tell where any one else was; and; there-

fore he did not know his own position. This was why some people died of hunger; for, though there was an ample supply of food at the governor's house, the settlers did not know where the governor was, and the governor did not know where the settlers were. Then, besides the evils resulting from dispersion, there occurred almost a greater one, the separation of the people, and the want of combinable labour. The labourers, on finding out that land could be obtained with the greatest facility, the labourers taken out under contracts, under engagements which assured them of very high wages, if they would labour during a certain time for wages, immediately laughed at their masters. Mr. Peel carried altogether about three hundred persons, men, women, and children. Of those three hundred persons, about sixty were able labouring men. In six months after his arrival, he had nobody even to make his bed for him, or to fetch his water from the river. He was obliged to make his own bed, and to fetch water for himself, and to light his own fire. All the labourers had left him. The capital, therefore, which he took out, viz., implements of husbandry, seeds and stock, immediately perished; without shepherds to take care of the sheep, the sheep wandered and were lost; eaten by the native dogs; killed by the natives, and some of the other colonists, very likely by his own workmen, but they were destroyed. His seeds perished on the beach; his houses were of no use; his wooden houses were there in frame, in pieces, but could not be put together, and were therefore quite useless, and rotted on the beach. Falling themselves into the greatest distress, the workmen at last returned to their master; but then Mr. Peel said, "All my capital is gone, you have ruined me by deserting me, and you now insist on my observing my engagements, when you yourselves have deprived me of the means of doing so." They wanted to hang him, and he ran away to a distance, where he secreted himself for a time, till they were carried off to Van Dieman's land.

Topographical Cleanings.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCHES AT DUNDEE.

At five o'clock on the morning of January 3d last, the inhabitants of Dundee witnessed the entire destruction of three of their churches. The fire originated from a stove in a passage between the steeple and South Churches; the fire ran with the speed of lightning along the galleries of the church, and the pulpit, made a mass of fire, communicated with the back part of the church, which was soon overwhelmed by flame. At the same moment the venerable Cathedral caught. Next the Cross Church, forming a limb of the cross in which the churches are built, became one volume of fire. About half-past six, the three churches, from the base to the pinnacle, were wrapped

in flames. Very narrowly, the Steeple Church escaped, and the peal of the alarm bells from its interior, added to the grandeur of the spectacle. The three churches are almost entirely ruined. The East Church, or Cathedral, is a complete wreck; the fine gothic arches, with their supports, are destroyed, and the only articles rescued were the silver communion service, and the records of the Presbytery of Dundee; a valuable library, composed of many works of the fathers of the church in Greek and Latin, is wholly lost. The damage done to the churches is estimated at between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.*

It would almost appear as if severe visitations were alighting on our churches. During the violent storm on the same day as the above calamity happened, the steeple of Streatham Church was nearly destroyed; as also that of Spitalfield's Church, Middlesex.

MATHEWS, A SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

(From Bentley's Miscellany, January, 1841.)

MATHEWS once acted as a Spanish ambassador; a frolic which was enacted by him at an inn at Dartford. The account was written by the late Mr. Hill, who took part in the frolic, acting as Mathews' interpreter. He called it his "Recollections of his Excellency the Spanish ambassador's visit to Captain Selby, on board the Prince Regent, one of his Majesty's frigates stationed at the Nore, by the Interpreter."

The party hired a private coach, of large capacity, and extremely showy, to convey them to Gravesend as the *suite* of Mathews, who personated an ambassador from Madrid to the English government, and four smart lads, who were entrusted with the secret by the payment of a liberal fee. The drivers proved faithful to their promise. When they arrived at the posting-house at Dartford, one of the drivers dismounted, and communicated to the innkeeper the character of the nobleman (Mathews) inside the coach, and that his mission to London had been attended with the happiest result. The report spread through Dartford like wildfire, and in about ten minutes the carriage (having by previous arrangement been detained) was surrounded by at least two hundred people, all with cheers and congratulations anxious to gain a view of the important personage, who, decked out with nearly twenty different stage-jewels, representing sham orders, bowed with obsequious dignity to the assembled multitude. It was settled that the party should dine and sleep at the Falcon tavern, Gravesend, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for his Excellency and *suite*. Previously, however, to dinner-time, and to heighten the joke, they promenaded the town and its environs, followed by a large congregation of men, women, and child en at a respectful distance, all of

whom preserved the greatest decorum. The interpreter (Mr. Hill) *seemed* to communicate and explain to the ambassador whatever was of interest in their perambulation. On their return to the inn the crowd gradually dispersed. The dinner was served in a sumptuous style, and two or three additional waiters, dressed in their holiday clothes, were hired for the occasion.

The ambassador, by medium of his interpreter, asked for two soups, and a portion of four different dishes of fish, with oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and sugar, in the same plate, which *apparently* to the eyes of the waiters, and their utter astonishment and surprise, he eagerly devoured. The waiters had been cautioned by one of the *suite* not to notice the manner in which his excellency ate his dinner, lest it should offend him, and their occasional absence from the room gave Mathews or his companion an opportunity of depositing the incongruous medley in the ashes under the grate—a large fire having been provided. The ambassador continued to mingle the remaining viands, during dinner, in a similar heterogeneous way. The chamber in which his excellency slept was brilliantly illuminated with wax-candles, and in one corner of the room a table was fitted up, under the direction of one of the party, to represent an oratory, with such appropriate apparatus as could best be procured. A private sailing-barge was moored at the stairs by the fountain early the next morning, to convey the ambassador and his attendants to the prince regent at the Nore. The people again assembled in vast multitudes to witness the embarkation. Carpets were placed on the stairs at the water's edge, for the state and comfort of his excellency; who, the instant he entered the barge, turned round, and bade a grateful farewell to the multitude, at the same time placing his hand upon his bosom, and taking off his huge cocked hat. The captain of the barge, a supremely illiterate, good-humoured cockney, was introduced most ceremoniously to the ambassador, and purposely placed on his right hand. It is impossible to describe the variety of absurd and extravagant stratagems practised on the credulity of the captain by Mathews, and with consummate success, until the barge arrived in sight of the king's frigate, which by a previous understanding recognised the ambassador by signals. The officers were all dressed in full uniform, and prepared to receive him. When on board, the whole party threw off their disguises, and were entertained by Captain Selby with a splendid dinner, to which the lieutenants of the ship were invited. After the banquet, Mathews, in his own character, kept the company in a high state of merriment by his incomparable mimic powers for more than ten hours, incorporating with admirable effect the entire narrative of the journey to Gravesend, and his "acts and deeds" at the Falcon. Towards the close of the feast, and about half an hour before the

party took their departure, in order to give the commander and his officers a "touch of his quality," Mathews assumed his ambassadorial attire, and the captain of the barge, still in ignorance of the joke, was introduced into the cabin, between whom and his excellency an indescribable scene of rich burlesque was enacted. The party left the ship for Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning. Mathews, in his "habit as he lived," with the addition of a pair of spectacles, which he had a peculiar way of wearing to conceal his identity, even from the most acute observer. Mathews again resumed his station by the side of the captain, as a person who had left the frigate for a temporary purpose. The simple captain recounted to Mathews all that the Spanish ambassador had enacted, both in his transit from Gravesend to the Nore, and whilst he (the captain) was permitted to join the festive board in the cabin, related with singular fidelity, and to the great amusement of the original party, who, during the whole of this ambassadorial excursion, never lost their gravity, except when they were left to themselves. They landed at Gravesend, and from thence departed to London, luxuriating upon the hoax until they reached home, and for many a year after.

A YELLOW COAT.

[From Captain Marriott's "Poor Jack."]

[The smart old Gascon wit, which once amused so much, appears to be now *passé*, but the cerule-coated Greenwichees have adopted the vein. The Trident on the seas is a stern-looking object, but in the court-yards of Greenwich, it is tossed about in sport.]

DICK HARNESS AND THE YELLOW COAT.

"Among my father's associates there was a man of about forty years of age,—Dick Harness by name. He had received a wound in the hip, from a grape shot; and his leg having in consequence contracted, it occasioned him to limp very much; but he was as strong and hearty in all other respects as a man could be. He was a very merry fellow, full of jokes; and if any one told a story, which was at all verging on the marvellous, he was sure to tell another which would be still more incredible. He played the fiddle, and sang to his own accompaniments, which were very droll, as he extracted very strange noises from his instrument; sometimes his bow would be on the wrong side of the bridge, sometimes down at the keys; besides which he produced sounds by thumping the fiddle as well as by touching its strings, as a guitar; indeed, he could imitate, in a certain way, almost every instrument, and most of the noises made by animals. He had one fault, for which he used to be occasionally punished; which was, he was too fond of the bottle; but he was a great favourite, and therefore screened by the men,

and as much as possible overlooked by the officers. The punishment for a pensioner getting drunk, was at that time being made to wear a yellow instead of a blue coat, which made a man look very conspicuous. I recollect one day he had the yellow coat on, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came to see the Hospital. Perceiving that he was dressed so differently from the other pensioners, one of the ladies' curiosity was excited; and at last she called him to her and said:—

"Pray, my good man, why do you wear a yellow coat, when the other pensioners have blue ones?"

"Bless your handsome face, ma'am!" replied Dick, "don't you really know!"

"No, indeed!" replied she.

"Well then, ma'am, perhaps you may have heard of the glorious battle of the Nile, in which Nelson gave the French such a drubbing!"

"O, yes!" cried all the ladies and gentlemen, who had now crowded about him.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had the good fortune to be in that great victory; and all we *Nilers*, as we are called, are permitted to wear a yellow coat as a mark of distinction, while the common pensioners wear nothing but blue."

"Dear me!" said the lady, "and do I really speak to one of those brave fellows who fought at the battle of the Nile?" and she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out five shillings.

"There," said she, "I hope you'll not be affronted, but accept this from me."

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Dick, pocketing the money.

Then the whole party made a subscription for him, and Dick went off with a handful of silver.

JOHNSON.

JOHNSON'S reputation arose from two sources; one of which, *genius*, may be called legitimate, the other, *character*, must be held factitious. By "character" we mean that marked individualism, or emphasis of disposition, which distinguishes some men more or less from all the rest, and among themselves. Mere temperament would have made Johnson a country notable had he been a brainless squire, or fat-witted yeoman. His surliness and rugged bigotry of resolution, in rectitude as well as in error—the determination to overwhelm and swamp with the torrent of all his powers whatever opposed him—his morbid melancholy, scornful and cynic humour, his pride of heart, and indifference to common forms—those very defects upon which, as harsh hinges, his own character turned, made him remarkable from the first, and impressed every one about him with awe, if not admiration. Many other things, as well as character, contributed to break him

a way into notice; his enormity of person had its influence; his ponderous and impending look, while he swung to and fro in meditation; or the heavy alouch of his gait while he bore right on like a man-of-war reeling deeply under the pressure of the gale; who could behold that massive front, and purblind fixedness of gaze, without feeling his attention rivetted!

We are convinced that character and personal demeanour have much to do in making literary reputation. Alone, indeed, character effects nought of this kind; but joined with a little talent, it wins mere fame—intellectual fame—than a great deal of talent without it. And this conjunction it is, of much character and some talent, that forms the passing idols of the literary world; a succession of which it must have to keep its frankincense from going out, and its voice for *Te Deum* in tune.

As a moralist and domestic philosopher, he is, even when most earnest, far behind Bacon in depth, no less than loftiness of thought, for the latter seems often to reach his lights from heaven. But Johnson had the greatest fault a moralist can be charged with; he was not always in earnest, he often trifled with the sacred cause of verity to gain a poor triumph, or eke out a sonorous period. Bacon felt himself too much in the presence of Divine illumination not to be ever serious and sincere. The grand distinction between these two philosophers is, that Bacon uttered his maxims for the simple love of truth, Johnson for the glory of the saying. We cannot admit it a defence, that Boswell and others came to Bolt-court for drachmas and pennyweights of opinion as clowns to a village apothecary for panaceas at sight; he would not have been thus consulted, or driven to the hollow solemnities of speech, but that his vanity prompted him to set up as an infallible doctor.

His influence on our language was beneficial, though not precisely as he supposed and many still think. That exotic and sesquipedalian style must be pronounced a monstrous metamorphosis of English speech; but, however Babylonish it might have made our written dialect, it gave strikingness to what had long been trivial, force to what had lost all *verve* and virility. Oftentimes, however, by way of giving it dignity, he bolstered it up with swollen terms, and endeavoured to make it musical by a rumbling magnificence of diction.

Johnsonian phraseology, however, has this to render it precious, that it was in character with the man, if not with his mother-tongue. He shone, too, as an argumentator, and those ponderous words suited his mouth as huge bomb-shells do that of a mortar. They were crushing and confounding. But with him began and ended the propriety of his style, only not risible when he used it, because in the hands of a bear the ragged staff is fearful as well as burlesque—it became preposterous when taken up by apes, who, attempting to

mimic his flourishes, broke their own heads with so cumbersome a weapon.

He will be ever dear to the English nation, because such a type of itself. With the exception of wit, for which, as a people, we are not famous, his was the English character in large—its weaknesses and powers, blemishes and beauties, swelled out to colossal dimensions. No country, save England, could have produced a Johnson, a Hogarth, or a Cobbett.

"I AM HERE, MOTHER!"

A CHINESE INCIDENT.

QUANG-OUH-YUEN, having lost his mother, who was all that was dear to him, passed the three years of mourning in a hut, and employed himself in his retirement, in composing verses in honour of his mother, which are quoted as models of sentiment and tenderness.

The three years of his mourning having elapsed, he returned to his former residence, but did not therefore forget his filial affection.

His mother had ever expressed great apprehension of thunder, and, when it thundered, always requested her son not to leave her.

Therefore, as soon as he heard a storm coming on, he hastened to his mother's grave, saying softly to her, as though she could hear—"I am here, mother!"

The Gatherr.

Lord Chatham, in his last days, so governed the House by his consummate acting, that he folded his flannels round him like a toga, and awed his adversaries into silence by a sweep of his crutch.

Old lines on London:—

Gold and silver is the cheer
Of London towns; no mould is seen.

Ugly Faces.—Wilkes was so abominably ugly, that he said it always took him half-an-hour to talk away his face; and Mirabeau, speaking of his own countenance, said, "Fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox."

Mortality from Small-pox.—From July 1837 to Dec. 1839, Mr Farr has shown that the deaths from small-pox in the metropolis (*Lancet*, Nov. 1840,) amounted to 5186; the quarterly deaths rose from 257 to 1145; the increase was 445 per cent, or more than fourfold. The epidemic is now on the increase; 35, 54, 60, 58 have latterly died weekly. This is melancholy when we reflect that the disease might be arrested in one week by vaccination. Five children, at the very least are destroyed daily by small-pox in London.

Promenade Concerts.—Their popularity in England is a strong indication of the "fall and decline" of the drama.

A sentence by Massinger:—

"O my mistress, quench not
The holy fire within you, though temptation
Shower down upon you! clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and your feet touch stars."

Earthquake at Mount Ararat.—Such has been the abrupt shock experienced by some of the Armenian villages, that as yet, the inhabitants can only communicate with each other by means of ropes.—*St. Petersburg Official Report.*

Nero's Portrait.—Nero had a canvas strained for a colossal portrait of himself, a hundred and twenty feet high, to overlook the city from the gardens of Marinas; but the portrait was blasted by lightning before it was finished.

Hotel des Invalides.—The number of persons who visited the tomb of Napoleon at this place is thus estimated:—1st day, December 16, 90,000;—2d day, 85,000;—3d day, 100,000;—4th day, 70,000;—5th day, 80,000;—6th day, 100,000;—7th day, 115,000;—8th day, 110,000;—9th day, December 23, 120,000.—Total 870,000 persons.

Highland Mary's Bible.—Mr. Weir, who was the temporary custodian of the bible of "Barns' sweetheart," recently presented this precious relic to Provost Limond, in presence of the magistrates and council at Ayr.—*Glasgow Courier.*

Asleep and Awake.—The time that men pass in sleep is various; General Elliott waked twenty hours, and slept four; De Moivre waked four and slept twenty.

The Chinese Aristocracy.—Beings formed of "the porcelain clay of the earth."

Ancient Trees of the Spanish Chestnut.—In Betchworth park, near Dorking, there are some Spanish chestnut trees of extraordinary size and great age. No certain record exists of their age, but they are probably coeval with the first Betchworth castle, founded in 1377, when "John Fitzalan, second son to Richard, Earl of Arundel, had licence to embattle his manor-house here."—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Lord Erskine's Points.—A gentleman, who has examined several of Erskine's briefs, informs us, that the notes and interlineations were few, but that particular parts were doubled down, and dashed with peculiar emphasis—his plan being to throw all his strength upon the grand features of the case, instead of frittering it away upon details.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXIII.

Quackery.—It may be foolish to be rubbed with St. John Long's balsam, or to trust to the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, but mankind do many things more foolish than these, and nothing can prevent them.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. T. MIRROR, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT CHARLES JUNG.